

THE  
**CONTRIVANCES;**

OR,

**More Ways than One.**

As it is Acted at the

**THEATRE-ROYAL**

IN

**DRURY-LANE.**

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*By M<sup>r</sup>. Carey.*

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# Dramatis Personæ.

## M E N.

Argus, <i>Father to Arethusa,</i>	Mr. Norris.
Hearty, <i>Father to Rovewell,</i>	Mr. Shepard.
Rovewell,	Mr. Quin.
Robin, <i>Servant to Rovewell,</i>	Mr. Miller.
Constable,	Mr. Cross.
First Mob,	Mr. Weller.
Second Mob,	Mr. Pendroy.
Third Mob,	Mr. Cole.
Woman Mob,	Mr. Wright.
Servant,	Mr. Harris.
Boy,	Young Norris.



## W O M E N.

Arethusa,	Miss Willis.
Betty,	Mrs. Baker.

SCENE, London.



# THE Contrivances, &c.

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SCENE *the Street.*

*Enter Robin.*

*Rob.*



ELL! tho' Pimping is the most honourable and profitable of all Professions, it is certainly the most dangerous and fatiguing; but of all Fatigues, there's none like following a virtuous Mistress— There's not one Letter I carry, but I run the Risque of kicking, caning, or pumping, nay often hanging— Let me see, I have committed three Burglaries already to get one Letter to her— Now if my Master shou'd not get the Gyp-  
A 2 fy

fy at last, I have ventur'd my sweet Person to a fair Purpose: He has nothing left but the Name of Captain and his Half Pay; which is as much as to say, that I his faithful Servant, and so forth, must come off with no Pay, or trust 'till Dooms-day — My Pockets are so empty, that old Nick may securely dance there, for there's not one Cross left to frighten him away — Ah! it was not so in *Flanders*, when the *French Wine* and *French Mony* tumbled about as if it wou'd never be Night — But Basta! here comes my Master and his Friend Mr. *Hearty* — I must haste and get our Disguises —

*And if Dame Fortune fails us now (to win her)  
I'll say no more, but think the Devil's in her.*  
[Exit.

*Enter Rovewell and Hearty.*

*Hear.* Why so melancholly, Captain? Come, come, a Man of your Gaiety and Courage shou'd never take a Disappointment so to Heart.

*Rove.* 'Sdeath, to be prevented when I had brought my Design so near Perfection! an old subtle cross-grain'd Hunk — But have her I must and will, or I am resolv'd



to burn the old Drone out of his Hive, and carry the Hony-comb away in Triumph.

*Hear.* A very consciencious Resolution truly—— But, Captain, wou'd you be less open and daring in your Attempts, you might hope to succeed—— The old Gentleman, you know, is cautious to a Degree; his Daughter is under a strict Confinement; and wou'd you use more of the Fox than the Lion, Fortune may perhaps throw an Opportunity in your Way—— But you must have Patience.

*Rove.* Who can have Patience when Danger's so near? Read this Letter, and tell me then what Room there is for Patience.

*Hearty* reads.

*To Morrow will prevent all our vain Struggles to get to each other—— I am then to be marry'd to my eternal Aversion—— You know the Fop, it is Cuckoo, who having a large Estate, is forc'd upon me; but my Heart can be none but Rovewell's-- Immediately after the Receipt of this, meet Betty at the old Place: There is yet one Invention left; if you pursue it closely, you may perhaps release me, who wou'd be your*  
*Arethusa.*

6      *The Contrivances: Or,*

*Rove.* Yes, *Arethusa*, I will release thee  
or dye in the Attempt. Dear Friend, ex-  
cuse my Rudeness, you know the Reason.

[*Exit.*

*Hear.* Well, go thy Ways and get her,  
for thou deserv'st her — I find a Soldier's  
never idle — as soon as he has done with  
his Enemy he attacks his Mistress, and sel-  
dom fails to conquer.

*When true-bred English Courage takes the Field,  
The Frenchmen and the Ladies quickly yield.*

[*Exit.*

S C E N E    *a Chamber.*

*Enter Argus and Arethusa.*

*Arethusa* reads.

*See! smiling Cynthia, now begins to rise,  
And add transparent Glories to the Skies.  
Hail beauteous Rival of the darksome Night,  
Whose Glooms give way to thy superior Light!  
Thy lucid Charms afford a second Day,  
And guide the weary Pilgrim in his Way.*

*Arg.* Pray, Daughter, what *Linguo* is  
that same that you sputter out at this Rate?

*Are.* *English*, Sir.

*Arg.*

*More Ways than one.*

7

*Arg.* *English*, quotha'! adad, I took it for Nonfence.

*Are.* 'Tis an Hymn to the Moon.

*Arg.* A Hymn to the Moon! a Hymn to the Devil, you Jade you——I'll have none of your Hymns in my House——Give me the Book, Mistress?

*Are.* I hope, Sir, there's no harm in reading a harmless Poem.

*Arg.* Give me the Book, I say, Huswife—Poems with a Pox, what are they good for? But to blow up the fire of Love, and make young Wenches as hot as the Devil——but I have taken care of you, Mistress, for to Morrow you shall have a Husband to stay your Stomach, and no less a Person than Squire *Cuckoo*.

*Are.* You will not be so cruel to marry me to a Man I cannot love?

*Arg.* But you must and shall love him, Huswife: What! you hone after a red Rag, I warrant you: Nothing less than a Captain will go down with you, forsooth; a disbanded Captain——Such a Fellow deserves Twelve Thousand Pounds to squander away, does he? But I have put a Spoke in his Wheel——for to Morrow you shall be bound Apprentice for Life, and then your disbanded Lover may e'en hang himself.

8      *The Contrivances: Or,*

*Are.* For Heav'n's sake, dear Sir, give me a little time to consider: Marriage is a Concern of the utmost Consequence——put it off for one Month, that I may endeavour to make my Duty and Desires go together.

*Arg.* Do you your Duty, and a Fig for Desires——No, no, Mistress; Delays are dangerous in these Cases——Mr. *Cuckoo* is a brisk young Fellow, and a little Feather-bed Doctrine will soon put the Captain out of your Head——and to put you out of his Power, you shall be given over to the Squire to Morrow.

*Are.* Pray, Sir, consider——put it off for a Week, let me have time to make the necessary Preparations.

*Arg.* What, to run away with the Captain, Mistress?——no, no, to Morrow is the Day.

*Are.* Surely you will at least defer it one Day?

*Arg.* No, nor one Hour——to Morrow Morning at eight of the Clock precisely——In the mean time, take Notice that the Squire's Sister is hourly expected, a good plain Country Girl, but a great Fortune——I believe it will be a Match between her and your Cousin *Frank*——the old Folks have almost agreed about the  
Matter

Matter———so pray do you be civil and sociable with her, and let me have none of your Pouts and Louts, as you tender my Displeasure. [Exit.]

*Are.* To Morrow is but short Warning,—but we may be too cunning for you yet, old Gentleman.

*Enter Betty.*

O *Betty*! welcome a thousand times over, What News — have you seen the Captain, *Betty*?

*Bet.* Yes, Madam, and if you were to see him in his new Rigging, you'd split your Sides with laughing—such a Hoyden, such a piece of Country Stuff, you never set your Eyes on——but the Petticoats are soon thrown off, and if good Luck attends us, you may soon conjure Miss *Mal-kin*, the Squire's Sister, into your own dear Captain.

*Are.* But when will he come?

*Bet.* Instantly, Madam, he only stays to settle Matters for our Escape, he's in deep Consultation with his privy Counsellor *Robin*, who is to attend him in the Quality of a Country Putt—They'll both be here in a Moment, so let's in and pack up the Jewels, that we may be ready at once to leap

A 5

into



10      *The Contrivances: Or,*

into the Saddle of Liberty, and ride full speed to your Desires.

*Are.* Dear *Betty*, let's make haste, I think every Moment an Age 'till I'm free from this Bondage.

*When Parents obstinate and cruel prove,  
And force us to a Man we cannot Love,  
'Tis fit we disappoint the sordid Elves,  
And wisely get us Husbands for our selves.*  
[Knock here.

*Bet.* There they are——in, in. [Exeunt.  
[Knock again.

*Enter Argus.*

*Arg.* You're woundy hasty methinks, to knock at that rate——this is certainly some Courtier come to borrow Mony, I know it by the sawcy rapping of the Footman——Who's at the Door?

*Rob. without.] Tummos.*

*Arg.* Tummos! who's Tummos? Who would you speak with, Friend?

*Rob.* With young Master's Vaather-in-Law that mun be, Mr. *Hardguts*.

*Arg.* And what's your Business with Mr. *Hardguts*?

*Rob.* Why young Mistress is come out o' the

the Country, to see Brother's Wife that mun be, that's all.

*Arg.* Odso; the Squire's Sister——I'm sorry I made 'em wait so long.

[*Opens the Door.*]

*Enter Rovewell drest like a Country Gentlewoman, and Robin like a Country Clown.*

Save you fair Lady, you're welcome to Town: [*Salutes him.*] A very modest comely Maiden truly. How long have you been in Town, Lady?

*Rob.* Why an Hour and a bit, or so——we just put up our Horses at *King's-Arms* yonder, and staid a crum to zee poor things feed or so, for your *London* Ostlers give little enough to poor Beasts, and you stond not by 'em your zel, and zee 'em fed, they'll cheat you to your Face.

*Arg.* Why how now Clodpate? Are you to speak before your Mistress? With your Hat on too? Is that your Country breeding?

*Rob.* Why an it's on, it's on, an it's off, it's off——what cares *Tummos*? for your false-hearted *London* Compliments——an you'd have an answer from young Mistress, you mun look to *Tummos*——for she's so main bashful, she never speaks one  
Word

12      *The Contrivances : Or,*

Word but her Prayers, and thosen so softly that no Body can hear her.

*Arg.* I like her the better——for Silence is a heav'nly Virtue in a Woman——but very rare to be found in this wicked Place——Have you seen your Brother, pretty Lady, since you came to Town? [*Rovewell Curtsies.*] O miraculous Modesty! wou'd all Women were thus? Can't you speak, Madam? [*Curtsies again.*]

*Rob.* An you get a Word from her, 'tis more than she has spoken to us these four-score and seven long Miles——but young Mistress will prate fast enough an you set her amongst your Women Volk, or so, when she's once acquainted.

*Arg.* Say'st thou so, honest Fellow, then I'll send her to those that have Tongue enough I'll warrant you——Here Betty.

*Enter Betty.*

Take this young Lady to my Daughter, 'tis Squire Cuckoo's Sister; and d'ye hear? make much of her, I charge you.

*Bet.* Yes, Sir——please to follow me, Madam. [*Ex. Betty and Rovewell.*]

*Arg.* Well honest Friend, and where's the Squire?

*Rob.*

*Rob.* Why one cannot find a Mon out in this same *London*, there are so many Taverns and Chockling-Houses, you may as well seek a Needle in a Hay Fardel, as they sayn in the Country——I was at Squire's Lodging yonder, and there was no body, but a prate a pace whorson of a Footboy, and he told me Maister was at Chockling-House, and the while the Vixen did nothing but taunt and laugh at me, or so——I Cod I cou'd have found in my Heart to have given a good wherrit i'th' Chops, so I cou'd——so I went to one Chockling-House, and Squire was not there, and so I went to t'other Chockling-House, and t'other, 'till I was a weary, and I cou'd see nothing but a many People supping hot Suppings, and reading your Gazate Papers so we came away here and please you, but we had much ado to find out your Worship's House, the vixen Boys set us a thick a side, and a thack a side, that we were almost lost——an it were not for an honest Fellow that came and showed us the right way.

*Arg.* It's a pity they shou'd use Strangers so——but as to your young Mistress, does she never speak?

*Rob.* Adod, Sir, never to a Mon, why she wo'not speak to her own Father, she's so main bashful or so——

*Arg.*

14      *The Contrivances: Or,*

*Arg.* That's strange indeed——but how does my Friend Sir *Roger*? —— he's well, I hope.

*Rob.* Hearty still, Sir——he has drunk down six Fox-hunters sin last *Lammas*——he holds old course still; twenty Pipes a Day, a Cup of Mum in the Morning, a Tankard of Ale at Noon, and three Bottles of Stingo at Night——the same Mon now he was thirty Years ago, or so.

*Arg.* Good now, good now! but wou'dst drink, honest Friend?

*Rob.* I don't care an I do a bit or so, for to tell you the truth, I'm main dry.

*Arg.* Here, *John*.

*Enter Servant.*

Take this honest Fellow down, and make him welcome——when your Mistress is ready to go, we'll call you.

[*Exeunt Robin and Servant.*  
These Country Fellows are very blunt, but very honest—I wou'd fain hear his Mistress talk——he said she'd find her Tongue when she was amongst those of her own Sex——I'll go listen for once, and hear what the young Tits have to say to one another.

[*Exit.*

SCENE



S C E N E a Chamber.

*Enter Rovewell, Arethusa, and Betty.*

*Rove.* Dear *Arethusa*! delay not the time thus—your Father will certainly come in, and surprize us.

*Bet.* Let's make Hay while the Sun shines, Madam, I long to be out of this Prison.

*Are.* So do I, but not on the Captain's Conditions, to be his Prisoner for Life.

*Rove.* I shall run mad if you trifle thus—name your Conditions—I sign my consent before-hand

[*Kisses her.*

*Arg. listning.*] So, so, this is as it thou'd be—they are as gracious as can be already—how the young Tit smuggles her—adod, she kisses with a hearty good Will.

*Are.* O the great Romp, he takes one's Breath away—how cou'd you pass upon my Father? I never saw such a hoyden masculine Monster in my Life.

*Rove.* Let's once get out I'll tell you the whole Story—this is no Time or Place for Particulars——if you lov'd me, or valu'd your own Happiness, you wou'd not trifle away this Opportunity.

*Are.*

16 *The Contrivances: Or,*

*Are.* Indeed Captain, I'm afraid to trust you.

*Arg.* Captain! how's this—bless my Eye-sight—I know the Villain now, but I'll be even with him.

*Bet.* Dear, dear Madam, don't trifle so, I long to see you both between a pair of Sheets---the Parson's at the very next Door, you'll be tackt together in the twinkling of a Bedstaff, and then I'll trust you to come back to your Cage again, if you can do it with a safe Conscience.

*Arg.* Here's a treacherous Jade! I'll do your Business for you, Mrs. *Jezabel*.

*Bet.* Consider, Madam, what a Life you lead here, what a jealous, ill-natur'd, watchful, covetous, barbarous, obstinate old Cuff of a Father you have to deal with----what a glorious Opportunity this is? And what a sad, sad, very sad thing it is, to die a Maid.

*Arg.* A Whore, I cou'd slit her Nose.

*Bet.* In short, Madam, if you stay much longer, you may repent it every Vein in your Heart—the old Hunks will undoubtedly pop in upon us, and discover all, and then we're undone for ever.

*Arg.* You may be damn'd for ever, Mrs. Impudence.

*Are.*

*Are.* Well, Captain, if you shou'd deceive me——

*Rove.* If I do, may Heav'n——

*Are.* Nay, no swearing Captain, for fear you shou'd break your Oath.

*Rove.* How can you doubt me, *Arethusa*, when you know how much I love——

*Arg.* Ah, wheedling Dog! but I'll spoil his Sport anon.

*Bet.* Come, come away, dear Madam—— I have the Jewels——but stay, I'll go first to see if the Coast be clear.

[*Going out, Argus stops her.*]

*Arg.* Where are you going, pretty Maiden?

*Bet.* Only do--do--down Stairs, Sir.

*Arg.* And what hast thou got there, Child?

*Bet.* Nothing but Pi--Pi--Pins, Sir.

*Arg.* Here, give me the Pins——and do you go to Hell, Mrs. *Minx*, d'ye hear? Out of my House this Minute, or expect the dreadful Issue of my righteous Indignation. [*Thrusts her out.*] O *Tempora!* O *Mores!* what an Age is this? Get you in forth, I'll talk with you anon——So, Captain, are those your Regimental Cloaths? I'll assure you they become you mightily, if you did but see your self now, how much like a Hero you look. [*Laughs.*] But, Captain, an't you an impudent Dog now, an't you?

you?—— must no Body serve your Turn but my Daughter? nothing less than twelve thousand Pounds? Well, I find you Soldiers rate your selves high—— but you deserve it in Truth: you work your Brains, you try Stratagems, you transform into a thousand Shapes to catch a Fortune—— *Ecce Signum*, ha, ha.

*Rove.* 'Sblood and Fury, stop your Grinning, or I'll stretch your Mouth with a Vengeance.

*Arg.* Nay, nay, Captain *Bellswagger*, if you're so passionate it's high time to call Aid and Assistance: Here *Richard*, *Thomas*, *John*, help me to lay hold on this Fellow; you have no Sword now, Captain, no Sword, d'ye mark me, ha, ha, ha.

*Enter Servants and Robin.*

*Rove.* But I have a Pistol, Sir, at your Service.

*[Claps a Pistol to his Breast.]*

*Arg.* O Lord! O Lord!

*Rove.* And I'll unload it in your Breast, if you stir one Step after me.

*Arg.* A bloody-minded Dog.

*Rob.* And see here, Gentlemen, here are two little Bull-dogs of the same Breed, they are wonderful Scowrers of the Brain—— So that if you offer to molest or follow us—  
you

you understand me, Gentlemen, you understand me. [*Ex. Rovewell and Robin.*]

*1st Serv.* Yes, yes, we understand you with a Pox.

*2d Serv.* The Devil go with 'em, I say.

*Re-enter Rovewell and Robin.*

*All.* O Lord! O Lord!

*1st Serv.* Indeed, Sir, we did not follow you, we didn't indeed, Sir.

*Rove.* D'ye hear, old Gentleman, I'll have your Daughter, if I wade to her thro' the Blood of you and your whole Generation; and so good-bye t'ye, old Goose-Cap.

[*Exit.*]

*Arg.* Ay, ay, good-bye t'ye in the Devil's Name—— a terrible Dog! What a Fright he has put me in! I shan't be my self this Month—— And you, ye cowardly Rascals, to stand by and see my Life in Danger—— Get out, ye Slaves, out of my House I say. [*Drives them out.*]

What a murdering Son of a Whore is this? but I'll prevent him—— he shall eat Brick, and Stone, and Iron to get at her again, I'll warrant him—— But to Morrow she shall be marry'd certainly, and then my furious Gentleman can have no Hopes left—— A Jezabel, to love a Red-



Red-Coat without any Money—— Had he but Money, if he wanted Sense, Manners, or even Manhood itself, it matter'd not a Pin—— but to want Money is the Devil—— Well, I'll secure her under Lock and Key 'till to Morrow; and if her Husband can't keep her from Captain-hunting, e'en let her bring him home a fresh Pair of Horns every time she goes out upon the Chase. [Exit.

### SCENE a Chamber.

*Arethusa sitting melancholly on a Couch, enter to her Argus.*

*Arg.* So Lady, you're welcome home—— See how the pretty Turtle sits moaning the Loss of her Mate—— What, not a Word, *Thusy!* not a Word, Child! Come, come, don't be in the Dumps so, and I'll fetch the Captain, or the Squire's Sister, perhaps they may make it prattle a bit. Ah, ungracious Huswife! is all my Care come to this? Is this the Gratitude you shew to your Uncle's Memory! to throw away (what he bustled so hardly for) at so mad a Rate! Did he leave you twelve thousand Pounds, think you, to make you no better than

than a Soldier's Trull, to follow a Camp, to carry a Knapfack? This is what you'd have, Mistress, is it not?

*Are.* This, or ten thousand times worse, were better with the Man I love, than to be chain'd to the nauseous Embraces of one I hate.

*Arg.* Very well, Mrs. *Termagant*, very well! this is the way you answer your Father, is it?

*Are.* You never found me guilty of this Language, Sir, 'till now your Usage forc'd me to it—— My Uncle left my Portion entirely at my own Disposal, knowing your Covetousness wou'd prompt you to force me against my Inclinations—— Mr. *Cuckoo* is a Fop, whose Affectation and Ignorance I abhor—— Captain *Rouewell* has Merit, Sense, and Courage—— I love him, and can be happy in no other, and no other will I have.

*Arg.* So! so! very pretty! very pretty indeed! I tell you, Mrs. *Snapdragon*, you shall have Squire *Cuckoo*, and no other, or the Devil a Penny shall you have of mine; mark that.

*Are.* My Uncle, Sir, has left me enough to make my self happy; and you are free to dispose of your own as you please——  
but

but me you never shall against my Inclinations.

*Arg.* A very dutiful Lady indeed! I'll make you sing another Song to Morrow, Mistress; and 'till then I'll leave you in *Salvâ Custodiâ* to consider———bye *Thy.*  
[Exit.

*Are.* How barbarous is the Covetousness and Caution of ill-natur'd Parents; they toil for Estates to make Posterity happy, and then by mistaken Prudence they match us to our Aversion——— Thus while they measure Happiness by Riches, they only seek to make their Children miserable——— But I am resolv'd not to suffer tamely however——— They shall find, tho' my Body's weak, my Resolution's strong; and I may yet find Spirit enough to plague 'em.

*Sooner than I'll forego the Man I prize,  
I'll brave 'em, tho' I fall a Sacrifice.*

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE *the Street:*

*Enter* Hearty.

*Hear.* O' my Conscience I think this young Fellow will run mad — So many Enterprizes and Disappointments upon the Back of each other shou'd pall him methinks — but yet he holds out couragiously, and is still as vigorous as ever — What he is upon now I know not, but he swears he'll carry her — I wish he is not balk'd, for the old Fellow is more upon his Guard now than ever.

How have I been deceiv'd in this Boy! I find him the very Reverse of what his Step-mother represented him — and am now sensible it was only her ill Usage that forc'd my Child away — His not having seen me since he was five Years old renders me a perfect Stranger to him — under that Pretence I have got into his Acquaintance, and find him all I cou'd wish — Here he comes, big with another Plot — but if it fails, I believe my Mony must buy him the Girl at last.

*Enter*

*Enter Rovewell.*

*Rove.* So, my dear Friend here already ;  
this is kind.

*[Draws his Sword, and makes a Signal.*

*Enter Boy.*

*Is your Mistress lock'd up, say you ?*

*Boy.* Yes, Sir, and *Betty's* turn'd away, and  
all the Men Servants ; and there's no living  
Soul in the House but our old Cookmaid,  
and I, and my Master, and Mrs. *Thussy*, and  
she cries, and cries, and cries her Eyes out  
almost.

*Rove.* O the tormenting News ! If the  
Garrison is so weak, the Castle may be the  
sooner storm'd — But how did you get  
out ?

*Boy.* Thro' the Kitchen-Window, Sir.

*Rove.* Shew me the Window presently.

*Boy.* Alack-a-day, it won't do indeed, Sir,  
that Plot won't take.

*Rove.* Why, Sirrah ?

*Boy.* You are something too big, Sir.

*Rove.* I'll try that however.

*Boy.* Indeed, Sir, you can't get your Leg  
in, but I cou'd put you in the Way.

*Rove.* How, dear Boy !

*Boy.*



*Boy.* I can lend you the Key of Mrs. *Thussy's* Chamber——if you can contrive to get in- to the House——but you must be sure to let my Mistress out. [*Gives a Key.*

*Rove.* How could'st thou get it? This is almost a Miracle.

*Boy.* I pick'd it out of my Master's Coat- Pocket, Sir, this Morning, when I was a brushing him.

*Rove.* That's my Boy——there, there's Mony for you.

*Boy.* My Master will miss me, Sir, I must go, but I wish you good Luck. [*Exit.*

*Enter Robin, and four Soldiers.*

*Rove.* So my Hearts of Oak, are you all ready?

*All.* Yes, Sir, yes, and it please your noble Honour.

*Rove.* You know your Cue then—— Serjeant to your Post.

[*Places the Soldiers out of sight, then knocks loud.*

*Rob.* What, are you all asleep, and dead, in this House, that they can't hear one knock?

*B.* *Enter*

*Enter Argus.*

*Arg.* You are very hasty, Sir, methinks.

*Rob.* My Business, Sir, requires haste!

*Arg.* Your Business! pray what is your Business, Sir?

*Rob.* My Business, Sir, is to borrow a thousand Pound of you.

*Arg.* Very concise indeed! but upon what Security, Sir.

*Rob.* Upon what Security! upon my own, Sir.

*Arg.* Sir, your most humble Servant, you must excuse me, I don't lend Money at that rate——a thousand Pound upon thy Security, ha, ha, ha, didst ever see a thousand Pence of thy own——pray, Sir, what Countryman are you?

*Rob.* 'Sdeath, Sir, do you mean to affront me?

*Arg.* O by no means, Sir; only to shut the Door, and keep the thousand Pound to my self.

*Rob.* Sir, I must have Satisfaction.

*Arg.* Get you gone Fellow, you want to rob me, do you?

*Rob.* 'Sblood, and Fire, and Fury!

*[Lays hold of him, and pulls him out of the House, the Soldiers seize him, blind-fold]*

*More Ways than one.* 27

*fold him, and gag him, and stand over him with drawn Swords : Robin and Captain go in and bring out Arctusa, and carry her off—then the Soldiers ungag Argus, and run off.*

*Arg. Thieves, Thieves.*

*[Pulls off the blindfold.*

*Enter Mob.*

*Mob. What's the matter, what's the matter!*

*Arg. O Neighbours I'm robb'd, and murder'd, ruin'd and undone for ever.*

*1 Mob. Why what's the matter, Master?*

*Arg. There's a whole Legion of Thieves in my House, they gagg'd me, and blindfolded me, and offer'd forty naked Swords at my Breast—I beg of you to assist me, or they'll strip the House in a Minute.*

*2 Mob. Forty drawn Swords, say you, Sir?*

*Arg. Ay, and more I think on my Conscience.*

*2 Mob. Then look ye, Sir, I am a marry'd Man, and have a Family, and I wou'd not venture amongst such a parcel of Blood-thirsty Rogues for the World; but if you please, I'll run and call a Constable.*

B 2

*Omnes.*

28      *The Contrivances ; Or,*

*Omnes.* Ay, ay, call a Constable, call a Constable.

*Arg.* I shan't have a Penny left, if we stay for a Constable—I am but one Man, and as old as I am, I'll lead the way if you'll follow me. [Exit.

*Omnes.* Ay, ay, in, in, follow, follow, Huzza!

*1 Mob.* Prithee *Jack* do you go in, and see what's the matter?

*3 Mob.* Nay, do you go in, and you come to that.

*1 Mob.* I go in, what shou'd I go in for? I have lost nothing.

*Wom.* What, no body to help the poer old Gentleman? If I was a Man I'd follow him my self.

*3 Mob.* Why don't you then? What occasion have I to be kill'd for him, or you either, ha!

*Enter second Mob and Constable.*

*Omnes.* Here's Mr. Constable, here's Mr. Constable.

*Con.* Silence, in the King's Name.

*Omnes.* Ay, Silence, Silence!

*Con.* What's the meaning of this Riot, who makes all this Disturbance?

*1 Mob.* I'll tell you, Mr. Constable.

*3 Mob*

3 *Mob.* And please your Worship, let me speak.

*Con.* Ay, this Man talks like a Man of Parts—What's the matter, Friend?

3 *Mob.* And please your noble Worship's Honour, we are his Majesty's Liege Subjects, and were terrified out of our Habitations and dwelling Places by a Cry from abroad; which your noble Worship must understand was occasionable by the Gentleman of this House, who was so unfortunate as to be kill'd by Thieves, who are now in his House to the Numbration of above forty, and please your Worship, all compleatly arm'd with Powder and Ball—Backswords, Pistols, Bayonets, and Blunderbusses.

*Con.* But what is to be done in this Case?

3 *Mob.* Why and please your Worship, knowing your noble Honour to be the King's Majesty's noble Officer of the Peace—we thought 'twas best your Honour shou'd come and terrifie these Rogues away with your noble Authority.

*Con.* Well said, very well said indeed—Gentlemen, I am the King's Officer, and I command you in the King's Name to aid and assist me to call them Rogues out of the House—Who's within there? I Charge you come out in the King's Name,



30      *The Contrivances: Or,*

and submit your selves to my Royal Authority.

*Enter Argus.*

2 *Mob.* This is the Gentleman that was kill'd, and please your Worship.

*Arg.* O Neighbours! I am ruin'd and undone for ever—they have taken away all that's dear to me in the World.

1 *Mob.* That's his Mony——'tis a sed covetous Dog.

*Con.* Why what's the matter? What have they done?

*Arg.* O they have taken my Child from me, my *Thusa*.

*Con.* Good lack!

3 *Mob.* Marry come up—what Valuation can she be—but have they taken nothing else?

*Arg.* Would they had stript my House of every Pennyworth, so they had left my Child.

1 *Mob.* That's a Lie, I believe ——— for he loves his Mony beyond his Soul, and would sooner part with that, than a Groat.

*Arg.* This is the Captain's doings—but I'll have him hang'd.

*Con.*

*Con.* But where are the Thieves?

*Arg.* Gone, gone, beyond all hopes of pursuit.

3 *Mob.* What, are they gone then—come, Neighbours, let's go in, and kill every Mother's Child of 'em.

*Con.* Hold, I charge you to commit no Murderation—follow me, and we'll apprehend 'em.

*Arg.* Go Villains, Cowards, Cuckolds, Scoundrels, or I shall suspect you are the Thieves that mean to rob me of what is yet left—how brave you are now the Danger's over—  
[*Drives 'em off.*]

*Enter* Rovewell, Hearty, and Arethusa.

*Arg.* Bless me! who have we got here? O *Thussy!* *Thussy!* I had rather never have seen thee again, than to have found thee in such Company.

*Are.* Sir, I hope my Husband's Company is not criminal.

*Arg.* Your Husband! who's your Husband? Huswife? That Scoundrel, that No-Captain—out of my sight thou ungracious Wretch—I'll go make my Will this Minute—and you you Villain, how dare you look me in the Face after this? I'll have you hang'd; I will, Sirrah.

*Hear.*

*Hear.* O fie, Brother *Argus*, moderate your Passion—you don't do well to abuse your Son-in-Law at this rate——It ill becomes the Friendship you owe *Ned Wortby*, to villifie and affront his only Child, and for no other Crime than improving that Friendship which has ever been between us.

*Arg.* Ha! my dear Friend alive! I heard thou wer't dead in the *Indies*: And is that thy Son! and my Godson if I am not mistaken!

*Hear.* The very same——the last and best Remains of our Family——forc'd by my Wife's Cruelty and my Absence to the Army——my Wife is since dead, and the Son she had by her first Husband, whom she intended to Heir my Estate——but Fortune guided me by Chance to my dear Boy, who after twenty Years absence, and changing my Name, knew me not——'till I just now discover'd my self to him, and your fair Daughter, whom I will make him deserve by thirty thousand Pound, which I brought from *India*——beside what Estate I may leave him at my Death.

*Arg.* And to match that, old Boy——my Daughter shall have every Penny of mine, besides her Uncle's Legacy. Ah you young Rogue! had I known you before, I wou'd  
not

not have us'd you so roughly—but 'now you have won my Girl so bravely, take her and welcome—but you must excuse all Faults—the old Man meant all for the best... you must not be angry.

*Capt.* Sir, on the contrary, we ought to beg your Pardon for the many Disquiets we have given you—and with your Pardon, we hope for your Blessing. [*Kneels.*]

*Rob.* Sir, I hope you'll forgive me too, for truly, Sir, if my Master's Necessity had not oblig'd me to it, I had never troubled your Worship for a thousand Pound at once, but the next time I do (being you doubted my Word) I'll give you my Bond for the Payment.

*Arg.* And I'll give you my Bond that you shall be hang'd if you do. But I'll forgive you, you Rogue, tho' you don't deserve it, Sirrah—Well, bless you both my dear Children—ah the little Rogues, how pretty they look—come, buss and Friends.

*Hear.* Heavn's bless you together—now old School-fellow, what say'st to a Grandson?

*Arg.* Ay, that wou'd be somewhat indeed—but who doubts it—the young Rogue looks vigorous, he has it in him, I'll warrant him: But, Brother *Worthy*, how cam'st alive again?—I heard for a Certainty you were dead.

*Hear.*

34      *The Contrivances: &c.*

*Hear.* I was very near Death, 'tis true--- but Fortune protected me---every Ship in the Fleet was lost but mine---which tho' it was deeply laden, escaped, and brought me Home safe with a Cargo, worth thirty thousand Pounds, which shall be settled on my Boy to Morrow.

*Arg.* My *Tbusy*, Sir, shan't be behind hand---But Hussy, what makes you in such a brown Study? Why don't you kiss your old Father---adod, I am so transported, I can't tell whether I'm alive or dead.

*Are.* May your Joy be everlasting.

*Arg.* It will, you Jade,---Come Son, you must make my House your own---for the future: Brother *Worthy*, you shall lodge here too: Come, let's in.

*In vain we strive to force a Woman's Will:  
Do what we can, they'll get the better still.*

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